

人名意西西阿拉西 排除的现在分词

wat, and strive and watch, "the stamp

of dagon remained," and was not to be easily uprocted. At length Parson

Pitcher, being greatly scandalised at Josh's expletives, used uniuskily in a somewhat excited meeting on church

business for in prayer meetings he

never answered any calls to rise, lest habit should get the better of him and

shock the very sinners be might exhort

Parson Pitcher himself made a pastora

call at the farm, and found its master

"Good day, Mr. Crane" said the old

"Good day, Parson Pitcher, good day!

Not so hot as hell for swearers'

d-d hot day, sir," answered uncon-

sternly responded the parson, who being of a family renowned in New Eng-

land for no way mineing matters, some

times verged upon profanity himself, though unawares. Josh threw down

"O Lord" said he, "there it goes

If I don't keep a goin'. O Parson

again. I swear! the d-d dogs take

Pritchard, what shall I dew? It swears

of itself. I am clean beat trying to head

it all! I'm such an old hand at the

Luckily for Josh, the parson's risibles

were hardly better in hand than his

own profanity, and it took him now a

long time to pick up his cane, which he

had dropped in the current bushes

while Josh stood among the cornhills wiping the sweat off his brow, in an

bject state of penitence and humility:

and as the parson emerged like a full

moon from the leafy currants, he felt

more charitably disposed toward Josh than he had done before.

"It is a very bad thing. Mr. Crane,

members, and I think you should take

piteously asked Josh, "it is the d-dest

plague! oh! I swan to man I've done it

threw himself down in the weeds and

kicked out like a half-broken colt, wish-

tng in his soul the earth would hide

him, and trying to feel as bad as he

ought to, for his honest conscience

stardily refused to convict him in this

matter, faithful as it was in less sound-

got behind an apple tree, and there-

cried, perhaps! for he was wiping his

eyes and shaking all over when he

walked off, and Josh, getting up con-

siderably in a state of dust, if not ashes

and sack-cloth, looked sheepishly about

Nevertheless, he paid another visit to

Josh the next week, and found him in

"I've hit on't now, Parson Pitcher!"

said he, we, without waiting for a more

usual salutation. "Miss Eunice she

helped me, she's a master cretur for in-

vention I s sugar! there! that's it

When I'm a goin' to speak quick, I

catch up something else that's got the

same letter on the bows, and I tell vew

it goes - reise it's somethin'. Hallon

| see them d dinner sheep in my corn.

Git aout! git aout! you d dandeloins

git aout"-here he scrambled away

after the stray sheep, just in time for the parson, who had quieted his face

and walked in to see Mrs. Crane, when

Josh came back, dripping and exclaim-

ing. "Peppergrass! them is the d-

This new spell of "Miss Eunice's," as

Josh always called his wife, worked

well while it was new; but the unruly

tongue relapsed, and meek Mrs. Crane

had grown to look upon it as she would

upon a wooden leg, had that been

Josh's infirmity with pity and regret,

the purest result of a charity which

endureth long and hopeth all things.

Everything else went on prosperously

the farm paid well, and Josh laid up

money, but never for himself. They

had no children, a sore disappointment

to both their kindly hearts, but all the

poor and orphan little ones in the town

seemed to have a special claim on their

care and help: nobody ever went away

hungry from Josh's door, or unconsoled

from Miss Eunice's "keeping-room;

everybody loved them both, and in time

people forgot that Josh swore; but he

ever did; and a keen pain discomfitted

He had been married about ten years

when Miss Ennies began to show signs

of failing health; she was, after the

Yankee custom, somewhat older than

her husband, and of too delicate a make

to endure the hard life the Connections

farmers must or do lead. She was pro-

have successively "a spine in the back.

nonneed by the Plainfield doctor to

"rising of the lungs," and a "gitterni

Duly she was blistered, plast

complaint of the lights" (was it catarr

ered and fomented, dosed with Brand

burdock, bitter-sweet, cathip and bon-

with a pills, mullen root in eider, tansy,

set teas dried rattlesnake's flesh and

the powder of a red squirrel shut juto a

red hot oven living, baked until powder

able, and then put through that process

in a morter, and administered fasting.

All these, and sundry other and flithier

medicamenta which I refrain from

mentioning, did once, perhaps do still,

shound in the blands of this Yankso

dom, and sur their thousands yearly,

Roker, the old horse and set out for

Sanbury where there lived a doctor of

some eminence, and returned in tri-

suph with Dr. Sawyer following to his

Mim Kunice was carefully examined

by the physician, a pompone but kind !

man, who saw at once there was no

hope and no help for his fluttering and

One morning a moden pang awake

her and her start roused Josh; he lifted

her on the pillow, where the rod morn

ing light showed her gasping and gray

od be Josh" and her bend-

death: he turned all cold.

panting patient.

At length Uncle Josh tackled up

as with the jaw bone of an aca

Dearly beloved, I am not improvising.

him whenever he saw a child look up

estopished at his oath

eminent's her ruling trait.

trowndedest sheep I ever see!"

for his reprover, but he was gone.

a honeful state

And here, with a long howl, Josh

nessures to break up the habit."

said; "it scandalizes the church

What upon arth shall I do, sir?"

in the garden hoeing corn manfully.

gentleman.

scious Josh

his hoe in despair.

ah Crane was a Yankoe, born and d. a farmer on Plainfield Hill, and a men. If some strange phrases grafted on his New England ver-If some strange phrases namin. It was because for fifteen years of his youth he had followed the sea. and the sea to return the compliment. thereafter followed him, when by the ime he was thirty-five he had laid up enough money to return, a thrifty slor, and buying a little farm on Plainfield Hill, settle down to his idea! of life, and become the amusement of part of the village an oracle of the rest

e boys adored Uncle Josh for he was always ready to rig our boats, spin us yerns a week long and fill our pockets with apples red and russet as s own honest face. With the belles of the village Uncle Josh had no such favor: he would wear a pig-tail, in spite of scoff and remonstrance; he would muoke a cutty-pipe; and he did swear like a satior, from mere habit and forgetfulness, for no man not professedly religious had a diviner instinct of rever ence and worship than he: but it was an instinctive in him to swear as it was to breathe, and some of our boldly speculative and law-despising youngsters held that it was no harm in him, any more than "gosh" and "thunder" were in us for he really meant no more.

re sprocute the contempt of the other before long he began to make Sunday night visitations at Deacon Stone's, to "brush his hat o' morning." to step spry, and wear a stiff collar and stock, instead of the open tie he had kept, with the pig-tail, long after jacket and tarpaulin had been dismissed the service; so the village directly discovered that Josh Crane was courting the school mistress, "Miss Eunice," bounfed at Deacon Stone's. What Miss Kunice's surname might be I never knew, nor did it much matter; she was the most kindly, timid, and lovable creature that ever tried to reduce a distriet school into manuers and arithmetic; she lives in my memory still, a eyes, and a sad face, its broad lovely orehead shaded with silky light hair, and her dress always dim tinted, faded

perhaps, but scrupulously neat. looked so meekly sad, and why she was still "Miss" Eunice: she had been "dis-appointed," she had loved a man better than he loved her, and, therein copying the sweet angels, made a fatal mistake, broke her girl's heart and went to keeping school for a living.

One day Mrs. Stone announced to old Mrs. Ranney (who was a deaf as a post, and therefore very useful, passively, in spreading news confided to her, as this was in the church porch! that "Miss Eunice wan't a going to her Josh Crane, cause he wan't a professor; but she didn't want nobody to tell on't," so

everybody did: was true that Miss Ennice was a sincerely religious woman, and though Josh Crane's simple, fervent love-mak buy had stirred a thrill within her she had thought quite impossible, still she did not think it was right to marry an irreligious man, and she told him so with a meek firmness that quite broke down poor Uncle Josh, and he went back to his farming with profounder respect than ever for Miss Eunice, and a miserable opinion of himself.

He was a person without guile of any ort; he would have out off his pig-tail, sold his tobacco keg, tried not to swear for her saice, but he could not prentend to be plous, and he did not.

A year or two afterward, however when both had got past the shy-ness of meeting, and had set saide, it not forgotten, the past, there was a rerival of religion in Plainfield -no great excitement but a quiet springing up of "good send" sown in past genera tions, it may be and among the softened hearts and moist eyes were those of Uncle Josh. His mother's prayers had slept in the leaves of his mother's Bible, and now they awake to be

No excuest and honest was he that for whole week after he had been examined and approved by the church committlee as a probationer, he never once thought of Miss Eunice, when, suddenly, as he was reading his Bible and came across the honorable mention of her name by the apostle, he recollected with a seet of shamefaced delight that now perhaps she would have him with no farther ceremony than reducing his dusty flax-colored hair to order messe of a pocket comb, and washing his hands as the pump, away he streds to the school house, where it was Miss Eunion's enstern to linger after school till the fire was burnt low enough to "raise up."
Josh loosed in at the window as

"brought to," in his own phrase, "along side the school 'ne," and there sat the lady of his love, knitting a blue stocking, with an empty chair most propibro-place. Josh's heart rose up might but he knocked as little a knock as prest knuckles could effect, was on in and sat himself down on the hair in a paroxyam of bashfulness, nowho helped by Miss Eunice's dropped eyes and persistent unitting. So he sat all fifteen minutes, every now and then elearing his throat in a value atpeople to introduce the point, till at month, desperate enough he made a lack into the middle of things and linkblad over with: "M'as Europe. Ten got selferton. I'm not out for to be a real

What Miss Kunicely little trempline lips answored, I cannot say, but I know was entirelacture to Josh, for his first severent impulse, after he gathered up her love words, was to elsep his hands and say - Amen, as if somebody had asked a blessing parkage he felt that he had received one in Miss Engles.

pious man: can't you feel to have me

When spring came, they were min eind, and were happy. Yankee fashion, without community demonstration, but ever hanny Encle Josh united with the church, and was no disgrace to his profession, save and except in one thing he weight swear! Vainty did descents, brethren and parter sensil him with pleading spen value did be bisself se-

roice, fainting as it spoke, and with on upward rapturous look of the noft browteil back on Josh's shoulder, dead

There the neighbor, who "did chores for her of late, found the two when she came in. The moment that Mrs. Case; lifted his wife from his arm, and laid her patient, peaceful face back on its pillow. Josh flung himself down beside her, and cried alond with the passion and carelespess of a child. Nobody sould rouse him nobody could more him, till Parson Pitcher came in, and taking his hand, raised and led him into the keeping-room. There Josh brushed off the mist before his drenched eyes with the back of his rough hand, and looked straight at Parson Pitcher. "Oh Lord she's dead," said he, as if he

slone of all the world knew it. "Yes, my son, she is dead," solemnly replied the parson. "It is the will of

God and you must be content." "I can't! I can't! I ain't a going to." cobbed Josh-" 'ta'n't no use talkin', i I'd only 'spected somethin', it's that doctor! Oh, Lord! I've swore, and Miss Eunice is dead! oh gracious goody! what be I a goln' to do? oh dear, oh dear! oh Miss Eunice!"

Parson Pitcher could not even smilethe poor fellow's grief was too deep. What could be think of to console him but that deepests comfort to the bereaved, her better state? "My dear friend, be comforted! Eunice is with the blessed in heaven!"

"I know it! I know it! she allers was nigh about fit to get there without

ir the overhanging trees of Miss Kapey's orchard by the road or tilted the reil sweep of her stony-curted weil to ender like a bail-storm, and cuffs and bricks mingled in the wild chorus with ter shrift scoiding, to the awe and con-

Judge, then, of Parson Pitcher's mazement when, little more than a was unhered into his study one evening, and after stroking a new stove pipe hat turge long time, at length he said he had "come to speak about bein' pubshed." The parson drew a long breath partly for the mutability of man, partly

"Whom are you going to marry, Mr. Crane?" said he, after a pause. Another man might have softened the

style of his wife to be not Josh. "Sall Ran," said he, undauntedly.

Person Pitcher arose from his chair, and with both hands in his pockets ad vanced upon Josh like horse and foot together; but he stood his ground What, in the name of common sense

and decency do you mean by marrying that woman Joshu-way Crane" thundered the parson.

"Well, of you'll set down, Parson Pitcher, I'll tell ve the rights on't; you see I'm dreadfully pestered with this here swearin' way I've got; I kinder thought it'd wear off if Miss Eunice kep' a looking at me, but she's died"here Josh interpolated a great blubber ing sob-"and I'm gettin' so d - bad

"I SWAN TO MAN I'VE DONE IT AGIN."

and I ha'n't."

No-there was no consoling Uncle Josh; that touch of nature showed it. He was alone, and refused to be comforted; so Parson Pitcher made a fervent prayer for the living, that unawares merged into thanksgiving for the dead, and went his way, sorrowfully convinced that his holy office had in it no supernatural power or aid, and that some things are too deep and too mighty for man.

story, neither slept nor ate: but this was somewhat apoccyphal, and three days after the funeral, Parson Pitcher, betaking himself to the Crane farm found Uncle Josh whittling out a set of clothes-pegs on his door-step, but looking very downcast and miserable.

"Good morning, Mr. Crane," said the good divine "Mornin', Parson Pitcher, hev'

The parson sat down on the bench of the stoop, and wistfully surveyed Josh, wondering how best to introduce the subject of his loss; but the refractory widower gave no sign, and at length the parson spoke.

"I have you begin to be resigned to

dyin'. O Lordy! she's gone to heaven there: you see, parson, 1 go swear great ful; and I a'n't no more resigned to her dvin' than I used to be, and I can tstan it, so I set figering on it out, and I guess I've lived too easy, han't had enough flictions and trials; so I concluded I hed oughter to put myself to the wind-'ard of some squalls so as to learn navi-gation, and I couldn't tell how, till sud denly I brought to mind Sail Ran, who s the d - and all, oh dear! I've nigh about swore agin, and I concluded she'd be the nearest to a cat-o nine-tails I reslected what old Cap'n Thomas used to say when I was a boy aboard of his whaler; 'Boys,' sez he, 'you're allers sot to her your way, and you've got to her mine, so it's pooty clear that I shall flog you to rope-yard, or else you'll hev to make b'lieve my way's yourn, which'il suit all round. So you see, Parson Pitcher, I wan't a-goin' to put myself in a way to quarrel with the Lord's will agin, and I don't expect you to hey no such trouble with me twice as you've hed since Miss Eunice up an' died. I swan I'll give up reasonable next time, seein' it's Sali!

> Hardly could Parson Pitcher stand this singular creed of doctrine, or the shrewd and self-satisfied, yet honest, expression of face with which Jash

elenched his argument. Professing him-

olf in great haste to study, he promised

to publish as well as to marry Josh, and,

when his odd parishioner was out of

hearing, includeed himself with a long

fit of laughter, almost inextinguishable,

tireat was the astonishment of the

whole congregation on Sunday, when

Josh's intentions were given from the

pulpit; and strangely mixed and hesi-

tating the congraturations be received

after his marriage, which took place in

the following week Parson Pitcher

took a curious interest in the success of

losh's project, and had tomich wledge

its beneficial effects rather against his

Sall Ran was the best of house keep-

ers, as senids are not to be; or is it in

reverse that the rule began? She kept

the farm-house Qualwely clean, and

every garment of her husband's sernpu-

ously mended and refreshed: but if the

smallest profanity escaped Uncle Josh's

re, he did indeed "bear thunder."

oil, with the ascetic devotion of

Auroniat, he endured overs objurgator;

perent to the end, though his soft and

kindly heart would now and then evings

It was all for his good, he often said.

and by the time Sall Ran had been in

over Josh's patent Christianizer.



the will of Providence, my dear Mr. "No, I don't a speck" honestly retorted Josh

Parson Pitcher was sheeked.

"I hoped to find you in a better frame," said he.

"I can't help it" exclaimed Josh, flinging down a finished per emphatic-"I and resigned I want Miss Euroice I a'n't willin' to have her dead. I can't and I a'n't, and that's the whole on't' and I'd a -- sight rather ah goody! Fre swore again. Lord-o-massy: nahe and here to look at me when I o, and I'm goin straight to the di land there it goes oh dear soul, min't a feller stop himself nohow?

And with that Josh buest into a pason of tears, and fled past Parson Pitchinto the barn, from whence he emerged no more till the rainister's steps were heard crunching on the gravel path toward the gate, when head out of the barn woodow, and reexted in a louder and more stremmous key. I a'n't willin. Parson Pitcher."

There was in the rillage of Plainfield certain Miss Ranney, the greatest riven in those parts, and of source an d maid. Her temper and tongue had kept off suitors in youth, and had not wise softened since. Her name was Surah familiarized into Sally, and sine grew up to middle age, that pleasant, kindly title being sadty out of keeping with her nature, everybody called he Sail lian, and the third generation scarce knew she had another name.

Any upcome in the village always be-

gan with Sail Ran, and wee be to the

Miss Edules s place for an equal form of years. Uncie Josh had become so mild apount as kind so make that eurely his dead wife must have rejournd over it in heaven, even as his brethren did on earth And now came the covening honor of

and quiver in the process.

his life. Chole Inah was made a dearen. Rail selebrated the event by a new black ally from and asked Parson Pitcher come to tex as is the great glory of a New Angland housekeeper. Ples pre-

serves sales biscuit broad, short-cake, cheese honey, fruit, and cream were pressed, and pressed again, upon the uniusky person till be was quite in the condition of Charles Lamb and the omnibus gladly saw the signal of from the table, he withdrawing to the beach on the stoop, to breathe the odorous June air, and stalk over matters and things with Deacon Josh, while "Mrs. Crane cleared off."

Long and piously the two worthics talked, and at length came a brief phuse, broken by Josh.

Well, Parson Pitcher, that calkerlation of mine about Sall did come out nigh onter right, didn't it?"

"Yes, indeed, my good friend!" re-turned the parson; "the trial she has been to you has been really blessed, and shows most strikingly the use of discipline in this life."

"Yes," said Josh, "If Miss Eunice had ived, I don't know but what I should a been a swearin' man to this day; but Sail she's rated it out of me; and I'm gettin' real resigned, too."

The meck complacency of the confes-sion still gleamed in Uncle Josh's eyes as he went in to prayers, but Sall Ran looked redder than the crimson peonies on her pony-bed.

Parson Pitcher made an excellent prayer, particularly descenting on the se of trials; and when he came to an end and rose to say good-night, Mrs. Crane had vanished, so he had to go home without taking leave of her. Strange to say, during the following year a rumor crept through the village that "Mrs. Descon Crane" had not been heard to scold once for months; that she even held her tongue under provocation; the last fact being immediately put to test by a few svilminded and investigating boys, who proceeded to pull her fennel bushes through the pickets, and nip the yellow heads, receiving for their audacious thieving no more than a mild request not to "do that," which actually shamed them into apologizing.

With this confirmation, even Parson Pitcher began to be credulous of report, and sent directly for Descon Crane to visit him.

"How's your wife, descon?" said the parson, as soon as Josh was fairly ented in the study.

"Well, Parson Pitcher, she's most onsartainly changed. I don't believe she's got riled more'n once, or gin it to me once, for six months."

"Very singular!" said Parson Pitcher. "I am glad for both of you; but what

seems to have wrought upon her?" "Well!" said Uncle Josh, with a clear glitter in his eye. "I expect she must 'a ben to the winder that night you'n I sot talkin' on the stoop about 'flictions and her; for next day I stumbled and spilt a lot o' new milk on the kitchen floor, that allers riled her; so I began to say Oh, dear, I'm sorry Sall!" when she ups right away, and sez, sez she-'You han't no need to be skeered. Josh Crane; you've done with 'flictions in this world; I shan't never scold you no more. I ain't a goin' to be made a pack-horse to carw my husband to heaven!" and she never said no more to me, nor I to her, but she's ben nigh about as pretty behaved as Miss Eunice ever since, and could get to tewtor me, and then I | I hope I shan't take to swearin'. I guess shant, but do feel about being resigned."

However, Uncle Josh's troubles were over. Sall Ran dropped her name for "Aunt Sally," and finally joined the church, and was as good in her strenuous way as her husband in his meekness for there are "diversities of gifts;" and when the Plainfield bell, on that autumn day, tolled a long series of eighty strokes, and Deacon Crane was gathered to his rest in the daisy sprinkled burying-yard beside Miss Eunice, the young minister who succeeded Parson Pitcher had almost as hard a task to console Aunt Sally as his predecessor had to instil resignation, on a like occasion, inte



his own set; she was not, according to

As the winter advanced, and it became generally known that Lady Welgreat was the excitement when the cards were sent out. Equally great was the consternation when two days before the great event was to have taken place notices were sent round to everybody announcing that there would be no ball. What could it mean? One or two disappointed guests called to inquire, and were informed that her

inder the guise of tea-parties, and many logenious theories were propounded to account for the extraor nary circumstance.

erred to appear a little uncomfortable when the subject was mentioned, and appeared to regard the matter as a freak his wife's which he could not altomether account for or understand.

we or three months passed, and the sil which did not come off had almost ceased to be a topic of conversation. friends who lived in the market town

expectedly returned, and the footman who answered the bell was surrised to find that only his mistress had come back in it. She went straight

returned, and seeing a light in t bondoir went and listened at the do He heard Lady Walden speaking re or excitedly in some strange l and a man's voice answer her in master's room and found it capt.
This somewhat alarmed him, and heatened down to the bester again knocked at the door and entered quietly. Lady Walden was alone. She asked him irritably what he wanted and ordered him to go to bad

disturb ber agets. Early in the morning, just as servants were getting up, a dog-cart drove up to the door, and Lord Walden entered the house and angrily saked where her ladyship was and what time she had returned. He then went to his wife's room, and came out, looking very much disturbed.

"She is not there," he said, in reply to the frightened query of the maid. He hurried to the boudeir, followed by the butler, who walted outside while his master went in. For a moment there was a dead stience, then a stifled cry and the sound of a heavy fall. The butler rushed in and found his mistress dead in her chair and Lord Walden lying on the floor in a swoon An inquest was held in due course but there was nothing to show how Lady Walden came by her death. It was apparently a sudden failure of the heart, and the jury returned a verdict

to that effect Lord Walden's story was that he and his wife dined with their friends on the night in question, and afterwards a small dance took place. The carriage Walden came up to her husband during the evening and said that as she was engaged for every dance, she would not be ready to leave until an hour or so later. Lord Walden betook himself to the smoking-room, and at three o'clock proceeded to the ball-room to find his wife. There, to his astonishment, he learned that she had gone home some hours ago.

His host persuaded him to stay and sleep, but his anxiety would not permit him to rest, and he hastened home as soon as it was light.

His grief and dismay at the sudden and awful blow which had fallen upon him were beyond words.

Preparations were made for an elaborate funeral, when, the evening before it was to have taken place, a stranger presented himself at the Park and asked for Lord Walden. He was informed that his lordship was unab to see anybody, but he insisted that his business was most important, and was finally admitted. The vicar of the parwho was seated at his study table with some papers before him. He looked pale and haggard, and brusquely in-quired the nature of the stranger's business.

"I am a detective, my lord." was the man's reply. "My name is Corry, and I have been sent down here because of certain statements made by a prisoner who was arrested five days ago."

He pansed. Lord Walden made no re sat leaning his bead on his hand and scarcely seemed to hear what was being said.

"My lord," continued the detective. gravely, "the statements made by this person were of a very serious nature. They were, in fact, accusations against Lady Walden."

Lord Walden sprang from his seat with an oath. "You insolent hound," he shouted,

"what fiend sent you here to alander my dead wife's name?" The detective drew back

"Lord Walden," he said, "I have a very painful duty to perform. I implore your lordship to calm yourself and answer one or two question which I am unwillingly obliged to ask

Lord Walden hesitated. The butler's story of the two voices in the bondeir recurred to his mind. "Go away now," he said, after re flecting an instant "I will see you sgain to-morrow, after the - the funeral.

"My lord," replied Corry, respectfully but firmly, "my business will not admit of delay. I have come to identify the body." He drew a photograph from his pocket as he spoke, and laid it on the table. The other two started. for it was undoubtedly a portrait of Lady Walden. Lord Walden looked at it carpestly

for a few moments.

"Go on," he said, at last, "tell m your story."

"For some years past," proceeded Corry, "there has been a series of the most extensive frauds carried on both in England and on the continent These frauds were devised and carried out by a gang of five persons, one o whom was a woman called Eleanor Bromley. By her remarkable boldness and ingenuity she has for five years baffled every effort of both the English and French police to bring herself and her companions to justice. About eighteen months ago she was at Moute Carlo, and owing to an unfortunate in cident, the details of which I need not trouble you with, she was obliged to leave somewhat suddenly. All trace of her was then lost until five days ago, when one of the gang was arrested in London. This person has made certain statements which it is my pain-

ful duty to lay before you." Lord Walden raised his head. "I can endure no more," he said, brokenly. "Hume, take this man away and listen to what he has to say."

The vicar rose, and, signing to the detective, they noiselessly left the room together. May I see the body?" whispered

Mr. Home led him upstairs and indicated the chember where the dead woman lay. He waited optaids until Corry returned. The detective came

out looking very grave. "The woman

who lies there," he whispered, "is n

other than Eleanor Bromley.

Mr. Hume uttered as exclamation of horror. "What are you going to do?" he saked "She is beyond my reach," replied Corry. "There were sufficiently good

significantly. To you seem to imply that she died by her own hand? demanded Mr.

I think it highly probable. If you

reasons for her sudden death." he added.

ill allow me. I should like to see the bondoir where she was found." They went downstairs together. Mr. Hume rong the bell and desired the wher to bring lights.

round the room and expefully everything. The drawers of



LORD WALDER SPRASS PE ing bureau were locked, and he was informed that Lord Walden had posses

sion of the keys. "There is no necessity to ask for them," remarked Corry. "The was too

clever to leave papers about."

As he spoke he took up the waste paper basket and turned out the contents upon the table. There were a few torn-up notes, and these he threw back again. One little piece of blank white paper he picked up and held toward

"What do you make of that?" in

quired the vicar "Do you see it is exactly the size and shape of the papers which druggists put powders into? See! the folds are mite erident." He folded the paper as he spoke, and showed it to Mr. Hume.

"Surely, that proves nothing," re marked the vicar.

"Not as it stands, but the microscope may reveal something more," and he piaced the paper carefully in his note-book. "There are certain drugs," he continued, "which decrease the action of the heart, and are used in medicine dangerous if taken unadvisedly and in large doses," he concluded, with a sig-nificant look.

"You will not add to Lord Walden's griof by talling him that his wife destroyed herself?" said Mr. Hume, in

deeply pained accents.
"By no means," replied Corry.
is merely the detective instinct w is merely the detective instinct will leads me to fellow up every clew, and consider every side-issue in any case on which I may happen to be engaged." He turned over some of the books and papers which lay upon the table. Then he restmed, abruptly: "Eleanor Bromley was the acknowledged leader of the gang of swindlers who have cluded the vigilance of the police for come years. About sighteen months some years. About eighteen months ago they were at Monte Carlo, and one day, at the tables, Bromley took up the winnings of a young men who had been losing heavily for some time, but who had by a bold coup recovered a large sam. There was a row, of course, but Bromley was too ciever for them all, and the unfortunate victing went straightway out into the garden and shot himself. Public feeling was much against Eleanor Bromley, and she found it convenient to disappear, leaving her accomplices in the lurch. gene Durand, traced her to Egypt, sian countries, and succeeded in captivating and marrying Lord Walden. Durand followed her to England, and, according to his own account, present-ed himself before her and demanded hush money. I fancy that he must have

denounce her. I believe she put off the entertainment in conseque "The other day, he wrote to her again, and, this time, threatened to turn informer, and claim the reward of five hundred pounds which had been for some time offered for the apprehension of any of the gang. She replied to this that she would see him in her own house at a certain time; and all this, you see, tallies with what has already

been in love with her himself, and that

disappointment and jealoust were at

the root of all that he did She told

him that Lord Waklen was not a

wealthy man, and that she could not

comply with his demands. Durand

went away, but wrote her a letter

threatening to attend a ball he heard she was about to give, and publicly

"Apparently they could not come to an understanding, and Durand left the house, swearing to fnifill his threat The next morning Lady Walden is found dead." The detective pauses, "It is curious," he observed, ofter a brief silence, "that so clever a woman should have so entirely lost her bead One would have thought that she could have devised a way out of the difficult ty, somehow

Mr. Hume took a few turns up and down the room. "Do you wish to see his lordship egain to-night?" he asked, at last

"It is unnecessary," replied Cores "I have carried out my instructions and identified the body. There is nothing more for me to do but to return to London Durand will be prosecuted in due course, but it is very onlikely that anything further will be heard about this unfortunate affair." "I am deeply thunkful to hear you say so," returned Mr. Hume.

"Then, sir," said the detective, bown ing. "I have only to thank you for for courtesy and wish you good even

The funeral took piace next day and shortly afterwards. Waiden park was shut up for an indefinite time, 14

owner having gone abroad.

A tablet on the wall of the church bears witness to the youth and virtues "Stermanie Fifteenth Countries Walden " but with the exception of the ricar no one in that remote country district is aware of the fact that the roung and beautiful counters and the notorious swindler. Eleanor Bromley were one and the same person.

He Barn. "Women have no minds," said burdly Jack. "And they change them every may "

Jackson Well, I suppose Miss Right ace's musicale was a howling aussess? Booksus-To can bet it was -Jury

when one day the whole country-side was horrified by the news that Lady Walden had been found dead. The circumstances were these The Waldens were dining out at a house some stance off and their hatler had taken advantage of their shapes to take impelf off on his trievals to see some

report, even an Euglish woman. Nothing was known of her except that she was young and very beautiful. The county debated a little over the question of calling upon the fair unknown. but some bold spirits set the example, and the rest followed at discreet interden contemplated giving a grand ball, the number of callers increased, and

ludyship was not at home. , Indignation meetings were

The Waldens vouchsafed no explana tion, however, and greated their numerous acquaintances as if nothing had baypened, although Lord Walden was of

some ten milesawar. About eleven o'clock the carriage